VVithout the bed her other faire hand was,
On the greene couerlet whose perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,
VVith pearlie swet resembling dew of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like goldē threeds playd with her breath,
O modest wantons, wanton modestie!
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
Ech in her sleepe themselues so beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,
Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truely honored.
These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
VVho like a fowle vsurper went about,
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

VVhat

VVhat could he see but mightily he no
VVhat did he note, but strongly he de
VVhat he beheld, on that he firmely d
And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.
VVith more then admiration he admi
Her azure vaines, her alablaster ski
Her corall lips, her snow-white dim

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,
Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfie
So ore this sleeping soule doth TARQ
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slakt, not suppresst, for standing by her
His eye which late this mutiny restr
Vnto a greater vprore tempts his va

And they like stragling slaues for pillag
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting
In bloudy death and rauishment deligh
Nor childrens tears nor mothers gron
Swell in their pride, the onset still expe
Anon his beating heart allarum strik
Giues the hot charge, & bids thē d